Beck and Call
by Runie (Runic)

Summary

Loki does not like being told to wait, especially not from Thor, and not while he is in heat, so he marches right into the throne room and takes what he wants in front of everyone.

Notes

I’m apparently just writing smut tonight…

Loki strides down the hall in nothing more than a thin robe. The Queen of Asgard, a title they gave to humiliate him, which Loki has turned around on them (not to mention it means Thor is his), is on a mission and no one dares stand in his way. When the guard had returned to say that Thor was in an important meeting, and he would see Loki when it was done, Loki found that wholly unacceptable. There are certain times he expects Thor to be at his beck and call, and one of those times is when his heat hits.

Asgard has many alphas, and they all stop in their tracks when Loki passes, his scent heavy in the air. The only thing keeping them from tackling him to the floor is the threat of what Thor would do to them if they did. Loki’s scent reaches the throne room before him, and he hears the Alfheim ambassador’s voice cut off as the smell washes over him. Loki gives the gathered elves and council members a mere glance, and he would be wondering why the elf ambassador looks so familiar if at the moment he didn’t need Thor’s cock inside him so badly, instead striding straight towards Thor. The recently crowned king sits a little straighter, his nostrils flaring and hands curling upon the...
throne’s arms. Lust washes over Thor, turning his blue eyes dark. By the time Loki reaches the
throne Thor is very obviously hard for him.

Loki walks up the steps to the throne, his eyes locked on Thor the entire time, but also very aware of
what he has done to the rest of the men in the room, every last one of which is an alpha. “Loki,”
Thor growls, sounding for a moment like he might actually get a reprimand out, but Loki opens the
robe and slides it off his shoulders, allowing it to fall to the floor. Loki sees all thoughts of not
fucking his Queen on the throne in front of a dozen people flee from Thor’s head. Good, Loki will
accept nothing less, and he has waited long enough.

Thor reaches out to place hands on his hips, and Loki allows himself to be pulled forward. As soon
as he is close enough, Loki hooks his hands over the top of Thor’s pants and rips until his husband’s
hard cock is freed. Loki stares at it hungrily for all of a moment before surging forward, draping
himself over Thor’s lap, and sinking down to accept the full length of Thor’s cock inside his wet
quim before Thor can stop him. They both throw their heads back and groan loudly, Thor’s hands
clutching tightly at Loki’s hips.

Loki’s entire body is trembling. Ever since he woke this morning his instincts have been screaming
for Thor, and now that he finally has him, Loki takes a moment to enjoy the way Thor’s girth fills
him. Thor growls and pulls Loki up, dropping him back down and causing Loki to cry out. Loki is
more than willing to allow Thor the control his own instincts demand now that Loki has what he
wants. “Yes, Thor,” Loki hisses, tossing his head back. Thor immediately attacks Loki’s neck with
his teeth, marking Loki as if there is someone in the nine realms that still does not know Loki belongs
to him. Loki tangles his fingers in Thor’s hair, encouraging Thor to keep doing that.

Thor moves Loki’s hands to his shoulders, giving Loki leverage to move himself as Thor’s hands
wander over his back. Loki whines loudly, but complies with Thor’s wishes, pulling himself up and
dropping back down on that wonderful cock. Thor touches him everywhere with both lips and
hands, Loki’s skin tingling in their wake. Loki doesn’t even try to stop the scream that escapes him
when Thor slips a finger inside him alongside his cock, stretching Loki even further.

Loki keeps screaming Thor’s name, head rolling back, the perfect picture of someone lost to ecstasy,
save for the glint in his eyes and the smile on his lips. When Thor looks up and sees them, he knows
Loki is deliberately putting on a show for their audience. Thor growls again, and seems to go into a
frenzy, matching Loki’s performance. His hands are back on Loki’s hips, controlling the speed and
strength of his thrusts as Loki crashing back down onto him, Loki’s cunt swallowing his cock with
heat that is almost too hot.

“Come, Thor,” Loki says breathlessly, voice echoing off the walls for everyone to hear. “Spill your
seed inside me and fill me with your child. Thor!” Loki cries in relief as he comes, body clenching
tightly around Thor.

Thor roars, recognizing the challenge for what it is, and continues to fuck into Loki’s satisfied body.
Loki nuzzles his nose against Thor’s neck, repeating his husband’s name over and over again,
watching as Thor’s muscles strain and tighten the closer he gets. Loki hums in approval, and tilts his
head up to bite Thor’s earlobe, working his muscles to tighten around Thor’s cock again. Another
roar, and Thor comes, his seed filling Loki so full it leaks out of his quim and down his thighs.

They stay wrapped in each others’ arms, Loki content to cling and nuzzle against Thor, until one of
the council members clears his throat. Loki turns his head to see which one, his eyes promising
revenge for the ruined moment.

He does feel rather satisfied with himself when he realizes they are all still hard. Thor realizes it too,
growling low in his throat and holding Loki tighter. Loki rolls his eyes and pushes at Thor’s
shoulders until his husband allows him to pull back. “You have an hour before the next cycle of my heat begins,” Loki purrs, a dangerous edge to his tone. “That means you have fifty-nine minutes to make it back to your chambers, otherwise you will find yourself locked out and I will take care of things myself.” Loki sighs as he pulls himself off Thor’s cock before standing. He holds onto Thor’s shoulders a moment longer to make sure he won’t fall over before bending down for his robe, which he does not bother retying.

Thor stays on the throne as Loki walks back towards the doors. With his mind clear, Loki is finally able to place the ambassador’s face. He smirks, knowing he cannot pass up the opportunity. He pauses, able to feel the jealousy radiating off of Thor without having to look at him. “I recognize you. You were sent as ambassador before.”

“Yes, Your Majesty,” the ambassador answers, trying, and failing, to keep his eyes from where Thor’s seed is leaking out of Loki’s quim.

“I allowed you to fuck me.” Loki gives him a pleasant smile, as if recalling a pleasant memory, which if Loki is fair he would admit that it rather is. The elf is no Thor, but for a young inexperience prince, he had made Loki scream. Mother had banned him from her gardens for a year after that little incident.

Thor growls loudly, but Loki ignores him. The ambassador shifts nervously. “That was a long time before your marriage, Queen Loki.”

Loki waves him off. “Thor knows I had lovers before him. He is not unreasonable about it.” The ambassador looks between the royal couple as if they’ve both lost their minds. “Either way,” Loki continues nonchalantly, “I welcome you back to Asgard.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty.” The ambassador bows slightly as Loki walks off. If Loki wasn’t so amused, he would feel sorry for the elf.

Thor makes it all of two minutes before he storms out of the throne room after Loki, half hard cock bared for everyone to see. He shoves Loki to the floor and pins his Queen under his weight, taking Loki right there in front of the servants.

The elves, at least, make it back to their rooms before seeking release.

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